

01
Love and Friendship

Inseparable betwixt

Different S E X E S.

Display'd in a Correspondence
between a Gentleman in the
Country and a Lady at *London*.

In Two and Twenty LETTERS.

Treating of

POLITICKS, } } FRIENDSHIP,
POETRY, } } And LOVE.

Publiſh'd by Little DICK FISHER, *Student*
in the Noble ART of GAMING.



L O N D O N :

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(Price One Shilling.)



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THE
DEDICATION
TO ALL

*Politicians, Poets, Gamesters,
Friends, and Lovers.*

Gentlemen and Ladies,



*S Vanity has always a Share
in every Scribler's Under-
taking, no Body will sup-
pose mine asleep, when they
find it expects so many Champions.
It is true, according to the Rule of*

The Dedication.

Dedications, my first Work shou'd be to draw up a long Catalogue of my Patron's Virtues ; but their Number is so great, and their Perfections yet greater, that it is impossible for any Thing less than a Volume in Folio to hold them ; so that considering my Want of Time and Paper, I must wisely lay by their Encomiums, and modestly come to my own, which will take up but little of either. Be pleas'd to know, I was once a Tory, but for Want of Arguments to support my Principles, was forc'd to let them drop, and turn Whig : Then I had so much to say, that like a second Painting, laid on before the first is dry, my Arguments run into one another, and confounded both themselves and me ; upon which I resolv'd to leave them too, and turn Poet. But the cruel Bookseller, after I had run my self in Debt for a Quire of Paper, and fill'd it to the very Edges with sheer Wit, wou'd not give me as much for it as wou'd pay for't ; which provok'd me so, I bid Defiance to the Muses, and went to

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The Dedication.

new my Acquaintance with an old Friend; but he, forsooth, was fallen in Love, and could think of nothing but his Mistress. However, he did me the Favour to give me a Copy of all the Letters that pass betwixt them, which having a pretty deal of Variety in them, may possibly please my aforesaid Friends. You may believe me, Ladies, when I tell you I am a Man of much Good-nature and much good Manners; the later I bestow upon your Sex, the former upon my own; and it is to oblige both, that I have undertaken to publish the following Sheets. But methinks I see two or three politic Gentlemen looking with very judicious Faces, and whispering to each other, that every rascally Scribler shou'd not be suffer'd to invade their Rights, and pretend to meddle with what they do not understand. But I beg the Favour of you, Gentlemen, to suspend your Judgments 'till a Book of mine comes out, call'd, An Essay upon Politicks, and then you will

The Dedication.

*will find me a very ingenious Person,
and not the Man you take me for.*

*But how to come off with the Poets;
Ay, there's the Devil on't; I shall have
all my Brothers of Grub-Street upon
my Back, with Mr. B—d—l at the
Head of 'em. Blood and Fire, if
they get hold of me, I shall have no
more Mercy shewn than a Bailiff in
in White-Fryers before it lost its
Privilege. But pray, Brothers of the
Quill, remember I have bespoke you
for my Advocates, and it will be to
betray the Trust I put in you, should
you become my Adversaries. As for
Frinds and Lovers, they can do no-
thing inconsistent with that Character;
and therefore, hoping I have secur'd
you all, I subscribe my self, Gentle-
men and Ladies,*

Your most devoted, and
most obedient humble
Servant,

LITTLE DICK FISHER.

LOVE



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LOVE and FRIENDSHIP

Inseparable

Betwixt Different SEXES.

To BERINA.



It is now fix whole
Days since I left the
Pleasures of the Town,
and the more agree-
able Amusement of
Berina's Company, for a lonely
Retreat into the dull Country,
where Solitude indulges Melancho-
ly, and Time, that us'd to fly,
B goes

goes only a Foot-pace. Thought is now my only Companion, and it often diverts me with the pleasing Remembrance of your Promise of an eternal Friendship; but, as human Nature is very frail, it may possibly want the Supports of Correspondence to keep it up : I therefore earnestly sue for a speedy Answer to every Letter I write, which will greatly alleviate my present Disorder, and take off the Edge of my Chagreen. I have often told my self it is much better never to know a Satisfaction, than lose it as soon as acquainted, since nothing can give a Man a greater Damp than a Reflection upon past Pleasures, when he has no View to their Return. How much this is my Case, *Berina* will easily guess, if she has Friendship enough her self to regret the Absence of a Friend. You will say, I am very spiteful, when I have told you, the only Pleasure I have had since I left you, was in seeing one of
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your Sex mortify'd. Certainly the God of Pride himself has not a greater Share of that Quality than a young Lady with a superiour Beauty : She thinks all Mankind born to do her Homage, and despises the tasteless Fool that can resist her Charms. One of this Sort lives hard by me, who is a Lady of a good Family, but small Fortune, and has been address'd by a Gentleman of a very good Estate : He (contrary to the Advice of all his Friends) would have made her a Jointure of the greatest Part of it ; and his Folly in every Thing shew'd his Love. She, on the other Hand, depending upon new Conquests, repuls'd him with Scorn, and (ungenerous as she was) made him a publick Jest where-ever she came ; which at last, from many Hands, came to his Ears, and rais'd one Passion to subvert another. He from thence grew indifferent, and forbore his Visits, resolving to try whether Absence could not do

what Discretion had attempted in vain. She finding him cool, thought it the greatest Slur upon her Beauty to lose a Slave, and therefore, by a Female Engineer, sent him a little Encouragement, which he turn'd to the right Use, and made subservient to his Revenge. Have I, (said he) offer'd my Heart and Estate to one, who has, in Return, made me ridiculous; and, instead of common Civility for my Love, us'd me with Revilings and Contempt. Believe me, Madam, (said he) you shall be a Sharer with me in something; and since you have refus'd what I would so honourably have given you, it is but Reason I send back Part of what you have forc'd upon me. While he was thus expostulating with himself, a Relation of hers came in, and told him, he had at last prevail'd with the Lady to comply; which our revolted Lover seem'd pleas'd at, and desir'd the next Day might end all Disputes. A speedy Pre-

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Preparation was accordingly made, and the whole Country, for two or three Miles round, invited to this Wedding: They obey'd the Summons, and were punctual to the Hour; where, after a little Time waiting for the Bridegroom, he came booted and spurr'd, with a grave elderly Gentlewoman, whom he brought to the young Lady, saying, Madam, here is a Person come to teach you good Nature and Manners; when I hear you are a Proficient in both, you may possibly hear farther from your humble Servant. In the mean Time be a good Girl, and mind your Lesson, I am going from Home for some Time, and shall be glad, at my Return, to find you improv'd. Which said, he paid a Compliment to the Company, and took Horse at the very Door. How much this has mortify'd the Bride Elect *Berina* will never guess, because she knows nothing of her Pride and Vanity; but had you

seen the Consternation of the Company, and the Looks of the Lady, they wou'd, I dare say, have made the same comical Impression upon your Fancy which they did upon mine. How happy are you and I, who have made the strongest Resolves against the Follies of Love! Be sure, *Berina*, keep your Friendship inviolate, and you shall find I will keep my Promise, in never desiring more.

Nov. 1.

Tours,

Artander.



TO ARTANDER.

LAST Night I accidentally fell into the Company of one of those modern Creatures call'd a Prude, who seem'd extreamly fond of the instructive Part of Conversation, and being the oldest Lady in

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in the Room, took upon her to read us Lectures of Behaviour: Among several Heads upon that Subject, she told us, writing to any Man, except a Husband, a Father, a Brother, or some very near Relation, was an unpardonable Crime, and cou'd not be answer'd to Modesty. Upon which I was going to write *Artander* one excusive Letter, and desire him to expect no more. But I began to consider, a Friend is not worth calling so, who dares not run the Risque of so trifling a Censure, to maintain so noble a Character; and, therefore, bravely scorning all dull Reflection, I have taken my Pen in Hand with a Design to fight my Way thro' all Difficulties, and make good my Friendship in Spight of all Opposition. I pity the poor disappointed Lady you write about, tho' I think she deserv'd her Fate; and the Gentleman's Revenge was very sharp, tho' very innocent. I cou'd send you a Story something like it,

it, but Jilting in our Sex, and Deceit in yours, is so very common, that I think it will want Novelty to make it diverting. The Town is at present taken up with loud Acclamations of Joy for the Birth of a young Prince, and a Vein of Satisfaction seems to run thro' the whole Court and City ; the very Grums look pleas'd, and it is much to be hop'd, the little Blessing will make another Union. A Gentleman this Morning sent me ten Lines upon his Birth, which I here send *Artander*.

*Come grateful Britains, sing aloud
your Praise ;
Trophy's of Thanks let us to Heaven
raise :
That Providence divine to still the
Noise
Of restless Rebels, and to drown the
Voice
Of those who vent their Spleen on
Foreigner,
Has crown'd our Wishes with an Eng-
lish Heir.*

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*Sure all must now internal Transports
feel:*

*A Joy like this shou'd animate our Zeal.
Shou'd bare-fac'd Traytors to Obedi-
ence bring,*

*And make them doubly loyal to their
King.*

There is no Danger, I hope, of
your thinking those Lines sent to
insult you, since by this Time the
honest Air you are gotten into must
have work'd off all your poi-
son'd Principles, and substituted a
grateful Acknowledgment to Heav'n
in their Room. With how much
Pleasure shou'd I receive your next
Letter, wou'd it but prove a Re-
cantation, and heartily renounce all
your former Errors. Why shou'd
a Man of *Artander's* Reason and
Goodness be byass'd by a Parcel of
Monsters, who have nothing in
View but the Subversion of their
Religion and Laws, and the utter
Ruin of their native Land. Com-
mon Prudence teaches us, if we
meet

meet with a Creature whose Outside only we are acquainted with, to keep our Fingers at a Distance, 'till we have inform'd our selves of the Nature of it, least a gaudy Feather, or a shining Scale, shou'd draw us into the worst of Ills. No less pernicious can it be to Men of honest Designs, to be drawn in by a Parcel of Villains who pretend to gloss over all their Actions with Conscience, tho' it was long since scar'd with a hot Iron. Oh! *Ar-tander*, fly from their infectious Breath, for *the Poison of Asps is under their Tongues!*

I have just receiv'd a Letter out of the Country, which gives me an Account of a Maiden Lady of Sixty Five, who has poison'd herself for Love; the Use we are to make of it, is to hug our selves in the midst of Liberty, and thank those Stars that inclin'd us to Freedom. I hate a Yoke that gauls
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for Life, but find the greatest Pleasure in subscribing my self

Your real Friend,

Nov. 5.

Berina.

To BERINA.

I Always told *Berina* her greatest, nay, her only Weakness, lay in being a *Whig*. Methinks the very Name, so hated and despis'd, shou'd give your Inclinations a Turn: Then do but look back to our *English* Annals, and see the Practice of those Men from whom the Name first took its Rise: Look at the Block, the Ax, the sacred bleeding Head: See the best of Men, the best of Kings, made a Sacrifice to the Malice of Knaves and Fools: Behold your persecuted Clergy, your defac'd and demolish'd Churches, your whole Religion become

come abominable ; and nothing but Canting and Hypocrisy left. Then tell me, *Berina*, when we have consider'd those Things, whether it be not every true Church-Man's Business to dread and crush the like Proceedings.

I thank you for the Poetry you sent me, but had a Poem on the same Subject before, written by one who complains the World takes no Notice of him ; and to eternize his Name, has publish'd Burlesque Tautology and false Grammar, upon an Occasion that call'd for the best Pen among you. Where are all your bright *Whig* Wits ? Have they taken a stupifying Dose, or have they run out their Stock in Invectives against the *Tories* ? For Shame, *Berina*, rouse 'em up, tell 'em it's down-right scandalous to leave so noble a Theme intirely to the Hand of a Fool. Bid the Sot call in his Nonsense, and make the young Hero a Bonafire of 'em ; tell him it will be a much better

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Way of shewing his Loyalty, than to expose the Child in Doggrel Verse. Methinks I can't but pity poor Mr. *T---k---l*, who in a ridiculous Dedication is perswaded to defend the Stuff; and, as a Reward for his Service, is promis'd some more of the same Kind. But this has amus'd my Pain so long, that I have almost forgot to tell you the Occasion of it. Last Night, going to pay my Devoirs to a young Lady, who has been twenty Miles from Home, and just return'd from Travel, as she calls it, I being very ceremonious and full of Compliment at the Stairs-Head, with an unlucky Turn of my Foot, struck it against her prodigious Hoop-Petticoat, and threw both her and my self down Stairs. The Hoop, like Bladders ty'd under the Arms in Swimming, kept her from Danger; but I am nothing but Pain and Plaister. You Ladies are very dangerous Company; for if you can't break a Man's Heart with your

C

Eyes,

Eyes, you'll break his Neck with
 your Dress. I doubt it has spoil'd
 me for a Courtier, and will make
 me very negligent to the Fair.
 How long I am to lye in, I know
 not, but beg *Berina* will contribute
 towards my Cure by writing often :
 Her Letters will amuse my Pain,
 and turn every Thing into Pleasure.
 How great mine is at the Thoughts
 of her Friendship, none knows, but
 her own

Nov. 7.

Artander.



TO ARTANDER.

YOU sent me to the *English*
 Annals for a Cure of *Whig-*
ism, and (as if Heav'n had design'd
 me for what I am) I insensibly
 found my self in Queen *Mary's*
 Reign, where I had so many Objects
 of Cruelty presented to my View,
 that I was ready to creep into my
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self at the dreadful Reflection. How many brave Men, courageous Women, and innocent Children, did I see butcher'd, to do God good Service? Our Bishops burning both with Fire and Zeal, to confirm the Reformation so happily begun, while its Enemies, set on by Hell's chief Engineer, depress'd its Growth, and trod it under Foot. From thence I went to the *Irish* Rebellion, where I saw more than a hundred thousand Souls murder'd in cold Blood; the Clergy's Mouths cut from Ear to Ear; their Tongues pull'd out and thrown to the Dogs, then bid go preach up Herefy; Mens Guts pull'd out, and ty'd to each others Waists, then whipt different Ways; some stabb'd, burnt, drown'd, impal'd, and flay'd alive; Children ript out of their Mother's Womb and thrown to the Dogs, or dash'd against the Stones; crying, *Nits will become Lice, destroy Root and Branch*; with a thousand other Barbarities too tedious to repeat, be-

side what has been transacted Abroad.
 And now, *Artander*, if those Things
 be true, as we have the same Au-
 thority for, that you have for your
 martyr'd King, tell me, to use your
 own Words, *Whether it be not every*
true Church-Man's Business to dread
and crush the like Proceedings? How
 many of our *English* Kings (to say
 nothing of those Abroad) have been
 depos'd, and in the cruellest Manner
 murder'd, by the Hands of Blood-
 thirsty Papists? And are we grown
 so very partial to those Men, to
 forget or wink at all their Vil-
 lainies, and only remember a Fault
 committed by those who acted by
 (at least) a Show of Justice? Not
 that I approve the Fact, but on the
 contrary renounce and detest it:
 but still, I think there is more
 Reason to bury one Fault in Obliv-
 ion, which was the Result of their
 Concern for the Reformation, than
 then lay bleeding with the *Irish*
 Protestants, than to keep it up with
 a Spirit of Malice, to foment and
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heighten those unhappy Feuds which are already begun, and with so much Industry carry'd on. Believe me, *Artander*, there are Thousands in this Nation who decry the Martyrdom of King *Charles*, more out of Opposition to their dissenting Brethren, than any real Value they have for the Memory of that unhappy Prince : 'Tis your only Plea ; you have no other Handle to your Animosities : Drop that once, and, like a drowning Wretch, who has just let go the Plank that kept him up, you'll sink, for want of something to support you. That good Man's Fate should be remember'd with Sorrow, not with Spite ; and we ought to pray to Heaven to forgive his Murderers, rather than call for Fire from thence to destroy those that are left. Oh ! *Artander*, let us always implore the divine Goodness, to preserve us from those Men whose Mercies are Cruelty, and who are now lurking in secret Places for an Opportunity

to devour us. I once heard an impudent Papist say, *Guy Faux* was a Presbyterian, and that it was by them the Gunpowder-Plot was set on Foot. I dare say it would be no hard Matter to perswade half the *Tories* in the Nation to be of that Opinion. But now I come to condole with you for your Misfortune, and shall expect your next Letter with some Impatience, because I have Friendship enough to make me interest my self in your Welfare : Such an Accident might have been of very ill Consequence, both to the Lady and you, and am glad you were in a Condition to make some merry Remarks upon it. I am just going to the Play, and to subscribe my self

Yours,

Nov. 10.

Berina.

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To BERINA.

THAT there has been ill Men
 in all Ages no Man in his
 Senses will deny; and the Cruelty
 you speak of, as far as we may
 trust to Tradition, is equally cer-
 tain: But, *Berina*, we have al-
 ways look'd upon that Person's
 Principles to be very trifling, who
 accuses another of a Fault, and
 the very next Minute commits it
 himself. Is it a sufficient Warrant
 for me to cut a Man's Throat, be-
 cause I just saw the Fact commit-
 ted? No, *Berina*; when we re-
 nounc'd *Rome's* Errors, we renounce
 her Cruelties too; but these impu-
 dent King-Killers, with their legal
 Proceedings, forsooth, plainly shew'd
 the World they had a Mixture of
 both remaining: Either we believe
 the Bible to be the Word of God,
 or we do not; if we do not, we
 are then in a State of Atheism and
 Damnation, and we may act as we
 will;

will ; but if we do, why do we run contrary to the Rules there laid down, and refuse to give *Cæsar his Due* ? When we took it for our Standard, we resolv'd to refer our selves to it, and model our Actions by it. Now, do but shew me one Text in either Old or New Testament that tolerates Rebellion, and I'll recede from all my past Opinions, and become as strenuous a *Whig* as *Berina*. If Kings are such sacred Things, that no Hand, but that of Providence, shou'd touch, how shall we answer taking their Lives, and banishing their whole Posterity ? At this Rate, we shall soon forbear to do one another common Justice ; and shall neither love the Brotherhood, fear God, or honour the King. For my Part, I am for invading no Man's Right, but giving every Body what they can lay a just Claim to ; how far you *Whigs* have stuck to that honest Principle, I leave the last eight and twenty Years to show ;

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show ; but of that, no more at present. This Afternoon, being quite tir'd of my Chamber, and pretty well recover'd of my Fall, I went to see an old Lady, who had often bespoke a Visit, and began to think me Rude for my Neglect. The whole Scene was so comical, that I can't forbear sending *Berina* the Particulars. When I first enter'd, I found the Lady in her Parlor, set in an easy Chair, with her Feet upon a Cricket, which rais'd her Knees almost as high as her Mouth : She was dress'd in a black Cloth Gown, over which she had a dirty Nightrail, and a coarse Diaper Napkin pinn'd from one Shoulder to the other : Upon her Head two yellow *Scotch* Cloth Pinders, and over them a black Gauze Hood, ty'd under her Chin ; one Hand in her Pocket, and t'other scratching her Head. After I had paid my Compliment, receiv'd hers, and gaz'd a while at the Charms of her Dress and Person, I made bold
to

to fancy she was a little craz'd, and turn'd to take a Survey of the Room and Furniture, which was no Way inferiour to her self; Upon her Tea-Table, instead of a Set of China, stood a Past-board, with a Piece of fat Bacon upon it; and on the Seat of the Sash-window, a red earthen Pan half full of Pease-Pudding, which I guess to be the Remains of her Dinner; upon one of the Silk Cushions were three greasy Plates; and in the Chimney Corner a Black-Jack, all dropt with Candle-Grease; upon the Squab lay a great Dog gnawing a Bone, whom she commanded off, and desir'd I wou'd take his Place; but I had too much Respect for my Cloaths to accept of her Offer. However, as I was walking to and fro, watching the Cobwebs, that they did not fall into my Wig, I slider'd over a Piece of Bacon Sword, which threw me directly into the Lady's Lap, and over-set her Crick-et. She grew very merry at the

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Accident, and I very much out of Countenance.

I think your Sex is fatal to me ; and, had I been cut out for a Lover, thou'd have some dreadful Apprehensions at the Omens ; but, as I am always safe in *Berina's* Company, it and a Continuation of her Friendship, is, all that is desir'd by

Nov. 13.

Artander.



TO ARTANDER.

WHAT a prodigious long Time has poor *England* been an Anarchy ; for it seems we have never had a King or Queen since King *James* the Second of dreadful Memory, nor never are to have one, till the consciencious *Tories* can find a Hole for the Pretender to creep in at. You always lay a mighty Stress upon the Power of a King. Methinks it is a little strange that

that Heaven shou'd make them so very absolute, without any Reserve for the People at all. Suppose God Almighty, for a Punishment of our Sins, shou'd set your Darling on the Throne, and he shou'd take into his Head to turn *Mabometan* and condemn all to Fire and Faggot that wou'd not renounce Christ. Why, say the Non-Resisting *Tories* if he shou'd do so, 'tis the Command of our rightful King, and Kings must be obey'd. 'Tis true the Supposition is not very likely to come to pass, but it is very possible and how far I am oblig'd to stand Neuter, and see the establish'd Law and Religion of my Country sacrific'd to the Caprice of a whimsical King, let Reason say. When we swear Allegiance to a King, 'tis conditional; as long as he keeps his Oath, we'll keep ours. When God Almighty commanded our Obedience, he commanded his Care and Love; which, if not express'd

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 ther King *James*, shew'd the bleed-
 ing Laws, imprison'd Bishops, and
 slighted Protestants can witness.
 And how much of both King *George*
 has shew'd, his mild Behaviour,
 his Views to the Nation's Interest,
 and his unfeign'd Care of the esta-
 blish'd Church, can witness too.
 Has not his Clemency and good Na-
 ture over-look'd a thousand Insults ?
 And among so many bare-fac'd Rebels,
 not one in forty met with their de-
 serv'd Fate. Is he not daily nos'd
 with Cuckoldom ? As if it were a
 greater Crime in him than in the
 whole City beside. Base as we are,
 he was a Prince before he was our
 King, tho' the impudent Mob has al-
 ways used him like one of themselves.
 How much does he study the Na-
 tion's Interest, by disbanding his
 Army, and leaving himself hardly
 any other Guard, than his own
 Innocence and Goodness : The
 Church he has always made his
 D Care,

Care, has promis'd to protect her, and has most religiously kept that Promise. What Reason then have we to fear Presbytery under his Administration? Do but name one profess'd Dissenter in any publick Trust, and I'll be as canker'd a *Tory* as the worst of you. If there be so much Duty and Allegiance due to Kings, why must not he have a Share? Or will you not own him for your King, tho' both God and the Nation has made him so? How fain wou'd I snatch *Artander* from that obstinate dogmatical Crew; a Parcel of Men who stop their Ears to every Thing that does not suit with their own pernicious Principles, and who wou'd, if their Power were equal to their Wills, lay us in immediate Confusion. But Thanks to Heaven for its timely Care of us, for snatching us as a Fire-brand out of the Fire, for stopping the Raging of the Sea, the Noise of its Waves, and the Madness of the People.

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I design'd this Letter for another Subject, but my Zeal has carry'd me to the utmost Confines of my Paper, and I have no more Room left, than what will serve to tell you, I am, in all Sincerity,

Nov. 18.

Yours,

Berina.

To BERINA.

I Doubt, *Berina*, you and I shall do as the whole Nation has done, argue our selves into some Misunderstanding, which may not easily be rectify'd; which Consideration made me, in my last, try to divert the Subject. You cannot suppose I want Matter to furnish this Letter with an Answer of the same Kind, but I think nothing a greater Enemy to Friendship, than Disputes; and mine is so firm for *Berina*, that

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I wou'd

I wou'd not give Way to any Thing that cou'd shake it. If yours be so, as I have no Reason to doubt, you will comply, when I beg of you to put a Stop to this Sort of Correspondence, and let your Letters, for the future, be fill'd with the innocent Diversions of the Town ; 'tis a Pity *Berina's* Temper shou'd be ruff'd with Politicks. I am now going to divert you with something of a different Kind. Yesterday, being in a very philosophick Strain, I was resolv'd to visit Nature in its most private Recesses, and enter the Hollow of an adjacent Rock, of which you have often heard me speak. Curiosity only makes the Vertuoso ; and if I go on a little longer, I shall grow a perfect Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack*. I took two or three of my Servants with me, and enter'd the Vacuity which made me fancy my self something like *Quixote* going to the Cave of *Montisinos*. After a few Paces Advance, I found the Hollow grow

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very spacious, and to my great Sur-
 prize heard a Dog bark ; I imme-
 diately consider'd , that sociable
 Creature never lives alone, and how
 I shou'd like his Company, I knew
 not ; upon which, my Resolution
 and Discretion fell together by the
 Ears ; one perswaded me to go
 back, and the other forward ; but
 the later got the Better, and on
 I went. The nearer we approach'd,
 the louder the Dog yelp'd ; the
 Sound of which led us to a melan-
 choly Mansion, inhabited only by
 the aforesaid Animal, and a half-
 starv'd Female. She look'd wild
 and frighten'd, but seem'd very
 tractable, and answer'd us directly
 to every Question we ask'd her.
 The first was, How she came there ?
 She said, her Father brought her
 there when she was but two Years
 old. I then ask'd her, what and
 who her Father was ? She said,
 he was a Highway-Man who had
 once been condemn'd to die, but
 made his Escape, and had ever

since liv'd in that Rock, 'till about a Month ago, and then he dy'd. And what have you done with his Body, said I? Two or three of his Companions, said she, who us'd to come often to see him, bury'd him in a Clift of this Rock. Are you not willing, said I, to leave this dismal Dwelling? Yes, said she, if I knew where to go. But I know no Body, nor no Body me; and I have often wish'd I had dy'd with my Father. I bid her then follow me, which she gladly did, and I carry'd her to my Mother, who has taken her for one of her Servants: The rest have Work enough to stare at her; and all look at her as a Spectre, and dare not sleep without a Candle by them.

The poor Girl seems to have a better Notion of Virtue than cou'd be expected from her Education, which makes me conclude Virtue is an innate Qualification, born with, and inseparable from some People. This, *Berina*, is the true Account

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of my Adventure into the Rock ;
 which, I hope, will not only amuse you, but serve for innocent Chat over the Tea-Table, and be a Reprieve, one Day, for the Faults of the Absent. For tho' I know you have a Soul above Scandal, I will not answer for the rest of your Sex. I am now going to be very vain, and tell you, a Gentleman has been with me to bespeak me for his Daughter ; how to bring my self off with good Manners, I hardly knew ; but was at last forc'd to tell him, I found an inward Decay, which put a Stop to all Thoughts of that Kind, and wish'd the Lady a more suitable Husband. A Husband ! the very Name makes me almost tremble ! and I have once more given it under my Hand, that Marriage shall never spoil my Friendship for *Berina* ; when it does, may I cease to be

Nov. 21.

Artander.

To

To ARTANDER.

IF *Artander's* Heart were not as hard as the Rock he has been scrutinizing into, he wou'd never have laid such strict Injunctions on my Pen, and robb'd me of my darling Pleasure; but to let you see how ready I am to relinquish every Thing that gives you Uneasiness, I have, in Compliance to my Friendship, laid by the Subject you dislike, and will, for the future, entertain you with something else.

My Unkle has been extreamly ill of a Quinsy, and Dr. has not stirr'd from him these three Days, from which you will conclude the Town is very healthy, or the Doctor has not many Patients. He favour'd me with the Relation of a Journey he had once into the Country, which I shall think well bestow'd upon *Artander*. I happen'd, said he, some Time ago, to be in the Country, within some
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Miles of the Seat of a Peer : He was indispos'd, and hearing of my being there, sent his tatter'd Coach, with a sleepy old Woman in it, to fetch me ; but I disliking both the Vehicle and the Messenger, made a Demur, which might have cost my Lord his Life, had not the double Diligence of the old Woman, added to the Advice of my Friends, set me forward. It is not much to be suppos'd, my Journey was very pleasant, because it was almost Night, the Weather extreamly cold, and my Company not very agreeable ; however, after many a long With, and some long Miles, I at last found my self at my Journey's End, and was conducted in by my old Guide ; where my Sense of Seeing was quite usefess, having not the least Light so much as to help me to a Seat to sit down on. The old Woman, as soon as she had convey'd me into the Kitchen, (if it may be call'd one, where no Victuals is stirring) went to tell my
 Lord

Lord I was come. In the mean Time I stretch'd my Eyes as wide open as I cou'd, and at last discover'd a Sort of a glimmering Light, which made Way for it self betwixt three or four Fellows who were fate upon a Logg of Wood before a Hat full of Fire. I (as it is very natural for Folks in a dark unknown Place) made up to it, and cou'd discern the Fellows to be extreainly dirty. Bless me! thought I, where the Devil am I got, among a Company of the *Black Guard*? Or is this some enchanted Den? I ventur'd to ask the Men some Questions, but their Answers were so intricate, that they only serv'd to confirm me in my former Opinion; and I wou'd freely have given a Twelve-month's Fees to have been at Home again. At last, after I had been brought to such a Condition, that I wanted a Cordial more than my Patient, I saw the happy Approach of a Farthing-Candle, stuck in a wooden Candlestick, and held in the
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Hand of one, who did not look like an Inhabitant of the Sooty-Region I had been so long confin'd to : His Face being wash'd, his Coat whole, and a clean Neckloth about his Neck : He told me my Lord would see me ; but when I came to the Stairs Foot, I did as School-Boys do when they are going to slide upon Ice, perswade some of the rest to go on first, to try if it will bear ; so I desir'd my Guide to go up first, for I did not like their rotten Aspect. When I came into my Lord's Chamber, I found him within a Suit of Moth-eaten red Serge Curtains, where he look'd more like one swinging in a Hammock than lying in a Bed : The ponderous Weight of his own Carcass having sunk the Cords even to the Boards ; so that whoever wou'd have seen my Lord, must have peep'd under the Bed. For my Part, I was so tired with walking and standing, that as soon as I had felt his Lordship's Pulse, I turn'd about to look
for

for a Chair, of which there was four in the Room; one stood upon three Legs, another wanted its Back, a third had lost its Bottom, and the fourth was half cover'd with a red Rag, and the ----- upon it. But before I had determin'd which to sit upon, my Lord desir'd me to walk down again 'till he had consider'd of my Advice, which I did, and was forc'd to take up with my old Walk again, 'till one of the Gentlemen upon the Log got up, and kindly offer'd me his Seat, of which I as thankfully accepted. But after an Hour's waiting for new Commands, and receiving none, I ask'd my black Companions what I was to have for Supper? They told me, They knew nothing of the Matter, for they had none for themselves. Pray then, said I, will you do me the Favour to shew me my Lodging, that I may lye down a little, which the Fellow, who wanted his Seat, did, and carry'd me into a Room
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much like an old Goal, where there was a Bed, but no Curtains ; Windows, but no Glafs ; and a Door, but neither Lock, Bolt, or any Thing to make it fast with : I was still apprehensive of some Danger ; so drew all the Lumber in the Room to the Door, and then wrapt my self up in my Cloak, and laid me down, with a Design to sleep 'till the Moon got up, to light me Home ; but the Fleas, who wanted their Suppers as much as I did, surrounded me on all Sides, and fed so heartily, that they sav'd me half a Crown to a Surgeon for bleeding me, and that was my Fee. As soon as Dawn of Day appear'd, I left my wretched Bed, and posted Home without either Coach or Company ; and soon after heard my Lord was dead, which all that lov'd him rejoyc'd at : He having gam'd away his whole Estate, his very Cloaths and Furniture of his House. And thus, Madam, continu'd he, I have given you a true Account of my

E lordly

lordly Patient, which I have not done with a Design to expose Quality ; but to shew the miserable Effects of that bewitching Vice which ruin'd him.

*You see, Artander, what the Gamester wins :
From the first Hour of Play, his Woe begins.*

I stumbled over them two Lines by Chance, but am resolv'd, since you will not let me be a Politician, to invoke the Muses, and turn Poetess. Bless me ! what Rheams of Paper will you have laid at your Feet cringing for Protection ! But the Tea-Kettle boys, which puts me in Mind of a Conclusion.

Yours,

Nov. 26.

Berina.

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To BERINA.

WHEN I am *Berina's* Patron,
 I intend to be her Cham-
 pion too, and with Pen in Hand
 defend whate'er she writes. The
 Doctor's Story I had heard before
 from another good Hand. Nor is
 it at all unlikely that (tho' a Man of
 very good Quality) he shou'd, after a
 Life spent in Debauchery and Extra-
 vagance go off the Stage in scandalous
 Circumstances; but let the Dead rest.
 This Morning, after two Hours
 Study by Candle-Light, which
 sunk and tir'd my Spirits, and made
 me unfit for that Exercise any longer,
 I took a Walk into the Fields, where
 I promis'd my self a quiet Retreat :
 But Solitude it self is not always
 a Fence against Impertinence; for
 as I was going into one of my own
 Closets, I heard some Body call me;
 and turning to see who it was, found
 it a Gentleman who lives within a
 Mile of me, with a Paper in his
 E 2 Hand:

Hand : He very concisely told me he was in Love, and had been writing a few Lines to a Friend of his, who wou'd fain perswade him against the Lady, of which he desir'd my Opinion. I wou'd fain have excus'd my self, by urging, Love was a Thing entirely out of my Way ; but he still press'd me to see them, which I at last comply'd with, and, abating for the Subject, found them better than I expected : They must needs be acceptable to you, because you are going to turn Chymer your self, and have therefore sent them.

*All Men have Follies, which they
blindly trace
Thro' the dark Turnings of a dubious
Maze :*

*But few, my Friend, in Spite of all
their Care,
Retreat betimes from Love's inviting
Snare :*

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The eldest Sons of Wisdom were not
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From the same Failings you condemn
in me.

They lov'd, and by that glorious Passi-
on led,

Forgot what Plato and themselves
had said :

My Faults, you too severely repre-
hend,

More like a rigid Censor than a
Friend :

You own'd my Delia once divinely fair,
When in the Bud her native Beauties
were :

Your Praises did her early Charms
confess,

Yet you'd perswade me now to love
her less :

Since to her Height of Bloom the Fair
is grown,

And every Charm in its full Vigour
shown :

Her whole Composure's of so fine a
Frame,

Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy
blame :

*My Delia's Words still bears the
 Stamp of Wit,
 Imprest too plainly to be counterfeit.
 Which, with the Weight of massy
 Reason join'd,
 Declares the Strength and Quick-
 ness of her Mind,
 Her Thoughts are noble, and her
 Sense refin'd.
 Why then, Dear Thirsis, wou'd you
 strive to move
 A Heart like mine from its Command-
 er, Love.*

The very last Word of this Poem,
 will, I dare say, give you a Dis-
 relish for all the rest: I will not
 byass your Opinion by giving mine,
 but leave it wholly to a Judgment
 which cannot err: Let me
 know in your next how you like it.
 And pray let me have a little *Lon-
 don News*. I mean such as the Tea-
 Table affords; for the rest, I refer
 my self to the publick Prints, and
 expect nothing from *Berina* but
 what she can answer to Justice and
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Good-nature ; and what I may, without a Breach in either, read.

After I had parted with my poetical Neighbour, and was returning Home again, I met with a Matter of some Speculation ; for casting my Eye towards the Top of a Tree, from whence I heard a rustling Noise, I saw a Crow, with a living Fish in his Bill : Pray send the Phænomena to the *Royal Society*, for methinks I wou'd fain know how those Creatures (neither of an amphibious Breed) came together.

I intended, when I began, to have been very prolix, but I find myself just seas'd with a Fit of Chagreen, which makes me a very unfit Correspondent for one of *Berina's* bright Genius, and therefore make Haste to say,

I am

always yours,

Dec. 1.

Artander.

To

To BERINA:

THREE Posts are gone and a fourth come, without one satisfactory Line from *Berina*: I grow impatient to know the Cause of your Silence, and have sent this as an earnest Embassador, to bring me a faithful Account. Have I used some unmannerly Expression in my last? Or has it lost its Way? Is *Berina's* want of Health the Cause? Or is she grown Weary of her Friendship and Correspondence? I wish you do not at last play the Woman more than the Platonick, and quit your Friendship for a Husband. It is true, I have very great Hopes of your Sincerity, and cannot easily perswade my self you wou'd lay it by for any Consideration. But Women, they say, are so like Quick-silver, a Man can never be sure of them, either as a Friend or a Mistress; but as *Berina* is an

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Original in every Thing else, I will believe her so in Friendship too.

My Mother, and a Female Companion of hers, have been diverting themselves with a Tragi-Comedy, as it was acted at a neighbouring Village, where lives a Farmer of some Note, who marry'd a young Woman of the same Town; and for the first three Years made a very thrifty frugal Husband: At the End of which, finding he had no Children, nor Hopes of any, he on a sudden run into an extravagant Way of living, and let all fly he had been so long a gathering. His Wife grew extreamly uneasy at his Proceedings, and used her utmost Efforts to reclaim him, tho' to no Purpose; for continual Drinking had stupify'd his Senses, and he stopp'd his Ears to all she said. At last she left off to perswade, and began to take a more noisy Method, which render'd both him and her self ridiculous. However, he persisted in his drunken Resolutions; and

and the Ale-house had more of his Company than either his Wife or his Business. But last Night, he coming Home very drunk, she fell into a violent Rage, told him, She wou'd never endure that Life, but wou'd go that Minute and drown her self, to get rid of him. He, of good-natur'd Soul, freely gave her both his Assent and Consent, and threw himself cross the Bed, where he fell fast asleep. She left him to enjoy a quiet Nap of three or four Hours ; at the End of which, being in his Cloaths, and consequently not very easy, he wak'd, and finding himself in the Dark, and alone, he call'd his Wife, but got no Answer : Upon which he began to recollect, and had a faint Remembrance of what had pass'd ; he immediately rouz'd from the Bed, half frighten'd out of his Wits, and groping about for the Door, after having broke the Looking-Glass and black'd his Hands and Face in the Chimney, he at last

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of his last found his Way out, and got into
 the Kitchen, where he lighted a
 Candle, and went up to a Gentle-
 man, who had left your noisy Town
 for a quiet Retirement in the Coun-
 try, and lodg'd there, to get him
 to go with him to the Water-side,
 and find his Wife dead or alive.
 When (Oh unheard of Misfortune!)
 he soon found his Journey was at
 an End, and his Wife laid warm
 and asleep in the Arms of the *Lon-*
don Lodger: How it will end I
 know not, but most People think
 it will cost him his Life. He be-
 ing now in a raging Condition,
 which is the only News we are at pre-
 sent full of: As more grows, you may
 expect it, as I do a Letter by the
 next Post: Of which, if I fail, I
 shall conclude you have not the least
 Value for the Repose of

Dec. 5.

Artander.

To

TO ARTANDER.

YOUR Gueſſes at the Cauſe of my Silence are quite wrong: I ſtill retain my Friendſhip for *Artander*, and am ſtill proud of my Correſpondence; but during the Time of my Silence I was at Sir *John* ———, from whence I return'd but this Day; and during the whole Time of my Stay there, I may juſtly ſay I was never Miſtreſs of ſo much Time as wou'd write a Letter: I declare I am quite tir'd with Pleaſure; and the Fatigue of conſtant Diverſion is more ſupportable than an everlaſting Want of it: But the Pleaſures of this World loſe both their Name and End, by being conſtant: We ſee, by Experience, nothing pleaſes a great while: Thoſe Things of which we are extravagantly fond, if once forc'd upon us, begets firſt an Indifference, and then an Abhorrence: This Conſideration, with
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some others equivalent, has put you and I upon the Resolve of living single, least too much of a Husband or a Wife shou'd turn us into just such indifferent Things to each other, as I am now to Dancing and Cards. But now, *Artander*, I am forc'd to call up all the Good-nature I am Mistress of, to help me to over-look the cruel Suspicion you seem to have of me, and could be glad to know in what Point I have fail'd, that has given you Cause to encourage such a Thought. If I were Mistress of Words that cou'd convince you, I wou'd immediately dress up my Protestations in them; but I have already said all I can upon that Subject, and have nothing to add, but my earnest Request, that you will believe me. By this Time, I fancy you begin to expect my Thanks for the Poetry you sent me, which I shou'd very readily have given, had it been upon any other Subject; but Love is a Thing so

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much

much against my Grain, that tho' it be drest up in a Disguise of Wit, I see it thro' the Mask, and hate the base Imposture. Yesterday at Dinner, your dear Cousin *Milner* happen'd to be the Table-Talk, and a Gentleman from that Side of the Country gave us very good Diversion at his Cost. He has, it seems, for this Month past, had two Mistresses in Chace of equal Fortunes, but very different Persons; one being a Woman of tolerable Sense, a good Face and Humour, the other a mere *Miss Hoiden*, a Thing fit for no Conversation above her Maid and Foot-man, with whom she spends her whole Time. To the first of those he address'd himself, and was as well accepted as an old Batchelor cou'd expect, especially by the Father, who had the greatest Mind to the Match. After some Time spent in this weighty Affair, all Things were adjusted, and the Morning come in which the Knot was to be ty'd: Her Fortune was
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paid down, which the wary Bridegroom told over with great Circumspection, and at last (he upon such Mischances) he found a Brass Half-Crown, which with some Earnestness he return'd to her Father, and desir'd it might be chang'd. The old Gentleman seeing him so earnest about such a Trifle, seem'd a little surpriz'd, and knew not of a sudden how to answer him ; but at last told him, he took it for a good one, and hoped it wou'd brake no Squares if he oblig'd him to do so too. Sir, said the Bridegroom, your being impos'd upon is no Rule for my being so ; and you shall either change it, or take the rest again. Upon which the old Gentleman gather'd up his Coin, and t'other old Gentleman his Stick and Gloves, and so they parted. The latter, (to the Shame of his whole Family) went directly to pretty Miss, and her Money proving all *Sterling*, they were immediately link'd.

The Remarks I make upon this Wedding, is, that before the Honey-Moon be half over she will fret him to Death, or he will beat her to Mummy ; for old Batchelors have generally more ill Nature, than any other Ingredient, in their Compound ; and his Choice is so very ill, that he is like to have extraordinary Exercise for it. I am surpriz'd you shou'd expect Tea-Table Chat attended with Justice and Good-nature : You forget that we Women as naturally love Scandal, as you Men do Debauchery ; and we can no more keep up Conversation without one, than you can live an Age without t'other. The Town goes on as it used to do, full of Party, Pamphlets, Libels, Lampoons, and scurrilous Ballads : But the King's Guards are in mighty Transports, that they have escap'd the Reduction of Light Horse.

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Pardon me, *Artander*, I had almost forgot your Injunction, and had like to have transgress'd ; but there can be no Harm in saying,

I am,

Dec. 10.

Yours,

Berina.

To BERINA.

YOU are so tir'd with Pleasure, that if I were sure my Letters were any to you, I wou'd forbear writing for a while ; but they are so dull, that I rather fear they are a Mortification ; so write to tire you that Way, in order to make you fit for Diversion again. I wish you cou'd have transmitted some of your superfluous Mirth to me, who is as much in the other Extream, and wants what you

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despise. I cannot say I was ever so glutt'd with Pleasure in my Life, as to be weary of it, nor, properly speaking, can any Body say so; because, when once a Man is tir'd of a Thing, it is no longer a Pleasure; but retiring from it is; so that a Person who has Power to follow his own Inclinations, is always in Pleasure; but you, it seems, had not that Power, your Time being none of your own. As much a *Tory* as I am, I here protest to *Berina*, I am extreamly pleas'd that the King's *Corpsse du Guard* are in *Statu quo*; and think, since we have made him our King, we ought to use him like his Predecessors, and give him the Honour due to the Kings of *England*.

And now I hope I have pleas'd *Berina*. I wonder you have never sent me an Account of the three-score Witches Mr. *Flamsteed* has found out in *Westminster*: I hear he intends to beg them of the King, and roast them by the Blazing-Star

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next *April*. I am just going to sink a Vault for a Retreat from its sulphurous Effects, and wou'd have you come and share the Advantage of it, before the Conflagration begins. Those Men of Profundity in the occult Sciences divert themselves with other Peoples Fears, and laugh to see the intimidated World shock'd with Horror at their Prognostications. Last Winter, when I was at *London*, I remember the Lords of the Admiralty were very busy with a Gentleman, who had for certain found out the *Longitude*; but having heard nothing of it since, I doubt the Project is dropt, and our Ships must sail as formerly. I hear a troublesome Disturber coming up, which at present puts a Period to all, but my best Wishes for *Berina*, and concludes me eternally hers.

Dec. 14.

Artander.

To

To ARTANDER.

I Was never worse qualify'd for writing in my Life, than just now, being nothing but Vexation and Ill-nature ; the Cause of which, I am going to tell *Artander*. The Minute I receiv'd your last Letter, I was going into the City to Supper, where Sir *Harry Wildair* (as you call him) and Mrs. *Ha—g—n*, were of the Company : You know her so well, I need not give you her Character. I have often heard you say, she is a Lady of good Sense ; and for that Reason I am still more vex'd at the Misfortune : But no Body is infallible, tho' every Body think themselves in the Right. At Supper a Dispute arose betwixt her and I, which was in it self very foolish, tho' it admitted of something very sharp on both Sides : It is not worth Repetition, neither will a Sheet of Paper spare Room for it ; but Sir *Harry* and the rest

of

of the Company were so cruel, as to
 think her in the Wrong ; which
 made her very angry, and me very
 uneasy. I have made her several
 Overtures of Peace, but find her
 refractory to all ; and I think she
 is resolv'd to persist in a Coldness, or
 rather a down-right Hatred, not to
 be remov'd. I declare, I had not
 the least Thought of incroaching
 upon her Prerogative of Wit, when
 I shot my own Fools Bolt ; but an
 Argument is no Argument with-
 out an Opposite, and for Talk's Sake
 I took up the Cudgels, with which
 I got the better of my Adversary ;
 but I broke my own Head into the
 Bargain, since by that Means I
 have lost the agreeable Conversa-
 tion of one for whom I had al-
 ways the greatest Esteem. But
 since I came Home, I have heard
 another Cause for her implacable
 Aversion : They say she loves *Ar-
 tander*, and has often made violent
 Signs that Way, to an insensible
 ——— as you are. However, I
 bear

bear all the Brunt, and am, it seems, thought the sole Cause of your Indifference; which, if true, I shou'd be sorry for, because I wou'd not play the Dog in the Manger. I cou'd be very glad to know the Truth, but am sure you are too generous to confess. I intend to let her know I will be her Advocate, and use my Interest in her Behalf: Say, *Artander*, will you give her Hopes, and send the welcome News by me? Or must she despair of your Love, to preserve your Friendship for

Dec. 18.

Berina ?

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To BERINA:

I Cou'd almost wish that Person an ill End, who first invented those little foolish Sheets of gilt Paper : A Man is forc'd to compound half the Subject for the shining Edges of what incloses it : And therefore, for the future, I bespeak a large Sheet of homespun Paper, that will wear out a Pen of the first Rate, to get to the Bottom of it ; for nothing vexes me so much, as to lose any Thing *Berina* can write.

I wonder you wou'd undertake a Dispute with Mrs. *Ha—g—on*, unless you had a Mind to make an everlasting Separation : She being one that cannot bear a Contradiction. Besides, as Mr. *Congreve* says, Who cares for any Body that has more Wit than themselves ? As for her Love, I am an absolute Stranger to it ; and she can no Way oblige me, but by keeping me in continual Ignorance. I can't but laugh at my self,

self, to think what a sheepish Figure I shou'd make, if I were to tell a Lady I wou'd not have her; but I fancy you only tell me this to try my Vanity, which is never much rais'd by Female Favours. Pardon, me, *Berina*, I had almost forgot I was writing to one of that Sex, but it is to one so unlike the rest, that nothing I say of 'em can possibly touch her. Last Night, the Gentleman, whose Poetry I sent you, made an Entertainment, where I was one of the Guests; and after Supper we danc'd 'till Breakfast, tho' to the ungrateful Scrape of a Country Fiddle: I there saw the lovely *Delia*, who, when she has given Place to *Berina*, stands fairest for Esteem; and not one of those Encomiums given by her transported Lover, but comes short of her Merit. When I had consider'd her whole Person, I was forc'd to join with him in two Lines of his Poem.

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*Her whole Composure's of so fine a
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Pride cannot hope to mend, or Envy
blame.*

Methought I pity'd the rest of the Ladies, who were only so many Foils, and stood like Farthing-Candles around a Wax-taper; the glaring Light of one eclipsing the faint Glimmers of the other. One of the Ladies, seeing the Eyes and Admiration of the whole Company drawn by a magnetick Force upon the Taper, fell into such a violent Fit of Vapours, that she fancy'd herself Fourscore, and began to tell us how handsome she was when she was young, and how many Men of Quality admir'd her; another who had often refus'd and slighted a present Lover, was forc'd to put on all her complying Airs to make him take Notice of her; a Third began a Discourse upon good Manners, and said, where the Company

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were

were equal, the Respect ought to be so too. All which gave me a secret Pleasure ; and I thought to my self, such Women as *Berina* and *Delia* shou'd (for the Quiet and Repose of the rest of their Sex) be confin'd to one another's Company, where neither can boast a Superiority, because both Nature's Master-Pieces. The Gentleman of the House seeing all the Ladies in Disorder, and knowing nothing gives them greater Pleasure than to hear a fine Woman is marry'd, because then she is out of the Way, and no longer taken Notice of, told them, *Delia* was his Wife ; which, like the Sun on an *April* Day, dispers'd the preceding Cloud : Every Body assum'd their Gaiety, the Ladies left off to envy and the Gentlemen to admire. So great is a fine Lady's Misfortune, when once she has given her self away for Life: I cannot but own I think my Neighbour happy, if it be possible for Matrimony to make him so,
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which I fancy *Berina* will hardly allow. *Pug* gives her humble Service to you, and takes it very ill, you have never in any of your Letters enquir'd after her Health. She, with the rest of our Family, presents you with their best Wishes.

I am,

Dear Madam,

Dec. 26.

Extreamly yours,

Artander.

G 2

To

To ARTANDER.

HAD I ever been a Disciple of *Artemedorus*, I shou'd have been very uneasy at my last Night's Dream, which made so dreadful an Impression upon my Fancy, that I have hardly yet recover'd it. I thought I saw *Artander* blind ; and when I wou'd have led him, he pull'd out my Eyes too. Pray Heaven avert the Fatality of it, if there be any depending. I had a young Relation came this Morning to breakfast with me, who is just at Age, but so deeply engag'd in an Amour, that poor Coz languish'd over his Tea, and sigh'd over his Bread and Butter like a School-Boy going to face a whipping Master in a Morning without his Exercise. The Lady he dies for is turn'd of Fourteen, and has left off her Bib and her Babies a considerable Time. Her Father is lately dead, and left her 8000 Pounds, which, with her self,

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self, is put into the Hands of two Guardians, who have each a Son design'd for pretty Miss : They have made Proposals about the Matter to one another, and have offer'd each other a thousand Pounds for his Consent ; but they are so much of a Mind, that it is impossible they shou'd agree, which you will call a Paradox. However, the careful young Lady, who neither lov'd to lose her own Time, or see her Guardians fall out, is, to prevent both Misfortunes, just run away with her Father's Butler ; who is a very well bred Man, drinks, whores, and games, and has just as much Estate as will qualify him for a Vote. Of all the Gods, either Heathens or Poets, ever made, there is none so silly as this blinking God of Love : He makes mere Idiots of Mankind, and puts them upon such ridiculous Actions, that one wou'd think we were made for nothing but to laugh at one another.

How happy he, that loves not, lives, said the ingenious Sir *John Denham*, who learn'd his Lesson from Experience, and paid the highest Price for't too. Deliver me from *Cupid's* random Shots, and make my firm Resolution a Racket to repel 'em. I wou'd have all those soft-hearted Ladies that are imprest like Wax, read *Quevedo's Vision of Loving-Fools* ; I dare say some of 'em wou'd find their own Characters very fairly display'd ; but then the dismal Effects of not loving, to be call'd Ill-natur'd, and an Old Maid, who wou'd not rather choose to be undone, than lye under such scandalous Epithets. I have dwelt a little longer upon this Subject than I shou'd have done, because I think and fear *Artander* seem'd in his last Letter to lean a little that Way. When once we approve of a Thing, we implicitly act it ; and if you be brought to think a Man happy in a fine Wife, the next Work will be to get one your self ; which, if you do,

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do, poor *Berina* may say she had a Friend ; for *Artander* is lost past Recovery. I desire, in your next, you will either make a generous Confession, or give me some Assurance my Thoughts are ill grounded. I own I grow impatient to be satisfy'd ; for as I make but few Friends, I wou'd not lose them I have. You seem not pleas'd I writ no more last Time, but you forget Women always talk more than they write, as Men always write more than they think : Your Sex seldom complain for Want of Impertinence from ours, it being one of your chiefest Plagues : However, I did design to have fill'd up the empty Space of this Paper, but am interrupted by two or three Ladies who are just come in, and my Correspondence must give Place to the Tea-Table ; tho' nothing shall ever interrupt the Friendship of

Dec. 29.

Berina.

To

To BERINA.

LOSE your Friends! *Berina*, that's impossible ; you have Merit enough both to secure and gain ; and if *Artander* shou'd chance to stumble out of the Road he has so long walk'd in, *Berina* will be so far from losing a Friend, that she will gain a Lover too. Has any Thing but Miracle made me resist your Charms so long ? And can any Thing but a greater Miracle make me fond of less Deserts than yours ? No, *Berina*, 'tis you alone have Power to break the strongest Resolutions ; and let the Witchcraft of your own Eyes answer for the Faults I commit. I have often heard, and with some Impatience, that Love and Friendship, notwithstanding the nice Distinction betwixt them, were inseparable Companions, especially between different Sexes ; and 'till I knew *Berina*, and some Time after, I thought all Arguments offer'd
upon

upon that Subject weak and trifling;
 tho' it was not long before I began
 to feel an Inclination to the same
 Faith: Yet was forc'd to dissemble
 it, least a Confession shou'd have
 brought a Forfeiture of that happy
 Friendship along with it, which
 you had so often and so generously
 promis'd me. I protest, *Berina*, I
 send you this with more Concern
 than I ever thought I shou'd have
 had upon this Occasion; but if it
 be true, that Love and Friendship
 are not to be parted, as many wise
 Men aver, then may I hope your
 Thoughts are of a Piece with mine;
 and if so, how great wou'd be my
 Folly, shou'd I lose my Happiness,
 rather than tell how much I desire
 it? Tho' so great has been my Dread
 they were not, that I have made
 the most vigorous Defences against
 my Fate, and set up Bulwarks to
 oppose the little Thief, tho' I took
 my Measures by a wrong Handle;
 and while I with Force of Arms
 thought to repel him, he, by
 Wheedle

Wheedle and Infination, found an Entrance, when I thought myself the most secure: Though the Wound he has given me has such an agreeable Smart, I feel it with Pleasure, and wish for nothing more than an Increase of his Power, that may make *Berina* own it too. Methinks it fares with the God of Love as with us poor Mortals: Our Faults are laid in our Way as mortifying Blocks; but the Good we do lies bury'd in Oblivion; and the kind-hearted World takes it as a Due, without either Notice or Thanks. So *Cupid*, when he sets an ill-match'd Pair together, has many Out-cries against him; but no Body Praises him for the Millions of happy Ones who owe their Bliss to his Management: May he touch *Berina's* Heart, and add one more to the Number.

I have now, *Berina*, made that very generous Confession you desir'd in your last, tho' I very much dread your Answer; but hope nothing will

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Jan. 1.

Artander.



To ARTANDER.

WHEN I receiv'd your last
Letter, I took it with my
wonted Satisfaction, and open'd it
with the same Air of Delight I used
to do, but found it like *Pandora's*
Box, full of Poison and Infection.
I read it with so much Astonish-
ment, that before I got to the End,
I forgot the Beginning, and was
forc'd to read the displeasing Paper
twice, before I cou'd believe my
own Opinion of it. However, I
gave my self Time to reflect a little,
and now, that my Surprize is pret-
ty well over, I find my self inclin'd
to conclude in your Favour, and
am perswaded your whole Design
was

was to try *Berina's* Easiness : And tho' a bare Suspicion of me be more than you can answer to the Friendship you owe me, it is much more pardonable than the other, and I shall be extreamly pleas'd to see you own it in your next. What a World of Uncertainty do we live in? And how hard a Matter to secure one Satisfaction? Did I ever think I shou'd live to see *Artander* become an Advocate for a Deity he had so often despis'd? Or find him adulterating Friendship, by mixing it with Love? No, *Artander*, it cannot be, you only have a Mind to let me see you can write upon any Subject; and, *Proteus* like, turn your self into every Shape. I confess you are a good Mimick, and act a Lover's Part much better than I expected : And, I do assure you, much better than I desir'd. Methinks you write as if you had a Mind to draw me in, as you pretend Love has done you, by Wheedle; and wou'd fain perswade
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me to be of your new Opinion, *viz.* That Love and Friendship are so united, they are but one Thing with two Names: I confess, you are better at Argument than I, and therefore, like a cowardly Soldier, I think it safer to fly than fight. But Time, and *Berina's* Carriage, may convince you of your Mistake.

I have often heard Mens Promises are so fabulous, that there's no depending on 'em; but I little expected *Artander* wou'd have convinc'd me of what I only disbeliev'd for his Sake: That you are guilty of Breach of Promise you will not sure deny, when I refer you to your own first Letter, which I wou'd have inclos'd, but that I have a Mind to keep it for a Testimony against you; however, you may remember the Conclusion in those Words. Be sure, *Berina*, keep your Friendship inviolate, and you shall find I will keep my Promise, in never desiring more. He that breaks

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one Promise, may break a thousand;
and if you have deceiv'd me as a
Friend, I have little Reason to
trust you as a Lover, but I hope
your next will end my Doubts;
and therefore once more subscribe
my self your

Jan. 3.

Real Friend,

Berina.



To BERINA:

ONCE more *Berina* sounds, as
if it were to be the last! Good
Heaven, must I lose you because
I love you? And is it a sufficient
Reason to withdraw your Friend-
ship, because mine grows stronger?
Don't *Berina* give me Cause to think
you lye upon the Catch for an Op-
portunity to throw *Artander* off, if
you ever were that real Friend you
pretended to, you will remember
what

what the Word implies, then ask your self, if it be possible for one true Friend to see another in Distress without relieving him, if in his Power ? If not, how many Convulsions of the Mind tear and wrack his Heart-strings for want of that Power ? How willingly would he undergo any Hardship to extricate his Friend ; and when he finds his Assistance can do him no Service, sits down to lessen his Pain, by sympathizing with him : Tells him he was his Partner in Prosperity, and Adversity shall never break the Union. This, *Berina*, is my Notion of a true Friend ; and if it be in your Power to make me easy, and you refuse to do it, you must either call Friendship an empty Name, or own you never had any for *Artander*. But then you tax me with a Breach of Promise : Alas ! *Berina*, no Man lies under a Necessity of keeping a Promise any longer than he has it in his Power ; and so long I was very

punctual. But when every Post brought fresh Alarms to Love, and every Line gave Wings to my Inclinations, I soon found it was impossible to secure any Tranquillity of Mind without an eternal Possession of the dear Author: It is very natural to desire the Company of those whose Conversation we like, and no Body ever stood in Competition with *Berina*: I never so much as bestow'd an empty Wish upon any Body else, nor will I ever have any other Companion. Beside, *Berina*, remember how often you have rais'd my Vanity, by owning your self pleas'd in my Company. Why then must we spend our Time at such a Distance? Wast those Hours in trifling Disputes which might make us both for ever happy. Can *Artander* be such an agreeable Friend, yet want the Qualities of a Husband? No, *Berina*, try me that Way too, and you shall find I will out-do your own Wishes, by giving my self up so
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entirely to your Will, that your least Inclination shall be a Command. And now, *Berina*, either comply, or own you never had the least Friendship for

Jan. 7.

Artander.

TO BERINA.

NO, *Artander*, I will neither deny my Friendship nor withdraw it, but will stick so close to it, as to make you happy against your own Will, and keep you in a State of Life, where Freedom and Liberty may be enjoy'd. Marry'd! that were to be both blind indeed.

You said once, you took your Measures by the wrong Handle, and so you have done again. I do assure you, the Promise you make of inverting the God of Nature's Rules, and being all Obedience, is no Inducement to me to become a Wife:

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I shou'd

I shou'd despise a Husband as much as a King who wou'd give up his own Prerogative, or unman himself to make his Wife the Head: We Women are too weak to be trusted with Power, and don't know how to manage it without the Assistance of your Sex, tho' we oftenest shew that Weakness in the Choice of our Advisers. The Notion I have always had of Happiness in Marriage, is, where Love causes Obedience on one Side, and Compliance on the other, with a View to the Duty incumbent on both: If any Thing can sweeten the bitter Cup, 'tis that. But this I give as my Opinion of Marriage in general, without any Design of coming to Particulars, and wou'd fain secure *Artander's* Friendship, by dissuading him from every Thought on't too. But when once the blind Archer with a random Shot has hit a Heart, the wounded Fool grows stupid, sighs and crys, prays, and begs for Help and Pity, but never offers to pull

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out the Dart, which causes all his Pain: Wou'd but every Body keep their Ground, and stand boldly in their own Defence, how easily might they baffle the Attempts of a Boy? But instead of fighting for their own Liberty and Property, they tamely yield to an arbitrary Power; and, like a Dog used to a Collar, hold down their Heads to take the Yoke. For Shame, *Artander*, shake off your Chains, throw by your Non-resisting Principles, and fight for your self: Remember your Liberty lies at Stake, which every wise Man loves. But if my Advice be thrown away upon you, and you are still resolv'd to bind your self 'Prentice for Life, all I have to beg is, that I may choose a Wife for you, one who will not abuse *Artander's* good Nature, but mix every Action with Love and Prudence, a Woman of an unlimited Goodness, and one who will make you happy, since nothing but a Wife can do it. I own, *Artander*,
I can-

I cannot think of giving you so entirely away, as to see you in the Arms of a Stranger ; but if you take my Friend, she will give you Leave to retain a little of that Friendship which has been so often promis'd entire to

Jan. 7.

Berina.



To BERINA.

I Hope, Madam, I may take your last Letter for a Compliance with my Wishes, and believe you are already mine, since no Body, but *Berina*, can deserve the Character you give the Lady I am to expect from your Hand.

Oh ! what foolish Things are we Mortals ! resolving against our Fate, which only laughs at our weak Endeavours, and makes a Jest of our broken Resolutions. Just so have all those doating Lovers far'd, who
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came within the Verge of my Observation : I have often made my self merry at their Sufferings, and thought Affectation had a greater Share in their Behaviour than Reality ; but now, *Berina*, I am qualify'd : Not only for a pitying Looker-on, but as one who wants that Charity I have so often deny'd to my Fellow Sufferers. You have promis'd me Freedom and Liberty, but is it possible to enjoy either, while I am a Slave in Fetters ? Or can any Thing release me from that Bondage, but an everlasting Union with *Berina* ? Who that saw me some Months ago in the midst of Ease and Pleasure, wou'd ever have suppos'd I cou'd become a Votary at *Cupid's* Altar ? Or who that sees *Berina's* Charms, wou'd not be struck with Amazement, at the long Resistance I have made ? For once, *Berina*, call up that Vanity so peculiar to your Sex ; let it display the magick Force of your Eyes, indulge the Heighth of its

Sug-

Suggestions, and then forgive *Ar-
tander's* Adorations : Look upon
him as one grown restless and ungo-
vernable ; lost to every Joy, to
every Satisfaction ; no Taste, no
Relish left for any Thing but Love.
Oh ! how I cou'd tear my false foo-
lish Heart ! as Mr. *Cowley* call'd his,
for betraying me just when I had
so firmly resolv'd to subdue every
Emotion that tended towards my
present Circumstances. Sot that I
was, to think it possible for me to
withstand such Force ! Pardon me,
dear *Berina*, for complaining of any
Thing you're the Cause of ; but when
I consider the slender Hopes I have
of bringing you over to my Side,
it makes me wish for a Power equal
to yours, which might give me that
Tranquillity I must never expect,
'till I can say, *Berina* loves. I am
now dispatching a Hurry of Busi-
ness with great Precipitation, and
often curse Delay, because it re-
tards my Flight, and keeps me from
the Centre of my Wishes. A few
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Days more will, I hope, put an
 End to it, and then *Berina* will
 find a verbal Suppliant at her Feet.
 Oh! how I long for the happy Mi-
 nute! How eager are my Wishes to
 to see my self once more blest'd
 with that Conversation which alone
 can give new Life, and put an End
 to all my present Pain. But then
 how much I dread to meet *Berina's*
 Eyes, lest one indifferent Look
 from them shou'd, with a Basilisk
 Force, strike poor *Artander* dead:
 The very Dread of losing you, has
 seiz'd my vital Spirits, and all I am
 able to add, is, that you will call
 up that Good-nature (of which you
 have so great a Share) to help you
 to pity your dying

Jan. 9.

Artander.

To

To ARTANDER.

I'LL swear, *Artander*, I was never so merry in my Life, as at the reading of your last Letter; I don't believe there's a Man in the World, that defies Love as you do, cou'd ever assume the Lover like you: Why, you mimick it as naturally as if you had serv'd an Apprenticeship to its God: Methinks the very Paper whines, 'tis writ in such a bewitching Stile. I declare, I thought you had been in Earnest, and was going to contrive some Way to comfort you; but I consider'd it was morally impossible for a Man of *Artander's* Resolution and Courage to be conquer'd by a Boy. But methinks you are like a half-bred Player; you over-act your Part: The next Time you put on the Lover, do it with an easier Air; 'tis quite out of Fashion to talk of Dying, and Sighing, and Killing-Eyes, and such Stuff; you shou'd
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say. Damn it, Madam, you are a
 tolerable Sort of a Woman, and,
 if you are willing, I don't much care
 if I do you the Honour to marry
 you. That's the modern Way of
 Courtship, you shou'd never let a
 Woman think she has any Merit,
 let that be always on your own Side;
 and when you vouchsafe to bestow
 your Favours, let it look like Ge-
 nerosity or Charity, to give such a
 Heart to one of that worthless Sex,
 who can no Way possibly deserve it.
 And now, *Artander*, you see I un-
 derstand something of Love as well
 as you, tho' I have an easier Way
 of describing it. But tell me how
 I shou'd have brought my self off,
 had I been a Woman, whose Heart
 was susceptible of Love? I might
 then have gorg'd the Bait, and seen
 the cunning Angler laughing at the
 credulous Fool. I am almost angry
 with you for trying me so far, be-
 cause Love, like edg'd Tools, shou'd
 never be play'd with. You seem to
 hint, as if you were to be in Town
 I soon.

soon. I confess I cou'd wish that Part
of your Letter true, and please my
self with the Thoughts of sitting
down with you, to laugh at all
that's past : When ever *Artander*
comes, or in whatever Shape, he
shall always find a kind Reception
from his

Jan. 12.

Real Friend,

Berina.

To

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To BERINA:

CRUEL *Berina*, can you be a real Friend while you laugh at all my Pain, and ridicule my Complaints? Is *Artander* fallen so low in your Esteem as to be thought a Banterer of his dearest Friend? How can you use me thus? Believe me, Madam, if you were merry over my last Letter, I have been the very Reverse on't over yours, and have scann'd every Line with more Concern than I dare tell *Berina*, least it shou'd serve to make me yet more ridiculous. However, it has brought me one unspeakable Pleasure, which I thank you for; a Promise of a kind Reception in any Shape. I have just given Orders for my Servants and Horses to be ready by to Morrow Morning, since I die with Impatience for a Performance: I am forc'd to conclude a little Abruptly, because I

I 2 have

(88)

have some Business of Moment to
dispatch by the Time prefix'd, 'till
when, and always,

I am,

Dearest Berina's

Faithful Adorer,

Jan. 25.

Artander.

F I N I S .

